

FIRST DATE

written by

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REVISION #1

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ANTHEA (30s), dressed for a date, sits alone. She downs her drink and checks the time.

CHRIS (30s), suit and tie, rushes to the table.

CHRIS

Sorry I'm late. The trains were going everywhere except where I needed to go. You know how it is - "Ladies and gentlemen, this train is now garblegarblegarble. For service where you'd like to go, you're screwed!"

Anthea flashes the classic annoyed, fake smile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, have you been waiting long?

ANTHEA

Only about two cosmos long.

CHRIS

Well, the more you drink, the more interesting I am.

Anthea, unimpressed. Chris stares at the menu.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So, your profile said you're a singer?

ANTHEA

Yeah, I've been singing ever since I was a kid and saw Madonna on TV. I used to use my mom's hairbrush as a microphone. She thought that was cute. The paper mache cone bras? Not so much

Chris takes out his phone.

CHRIS

Mm-hmm.

ANTHEA

And at my first grade talent show, I told my teacher I couldn't go on until my makeup was ready.

Tap. Tap. Scroll. Chris, totally lost in his phone now.

CHRIS

Uh-huh.

ANTHEA

And then, one time, I performed on the moon with Beyonce and the ghost of Princess Diana, and we all wore matching spacesuits and sang David Bowie songs.

CHRIS

Uh-huh. Bowie. Beyonce. Very cool.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Scroll. Tap.

ANTHEA

Chris? Chris. CHRIS!

He snaps out of it.

CHRIS

Huh? Oh, uh, wow. Really? I do some singing, mostly in the shower.

Anthea's had it. She stands to leave.

ANTHEA

I knew this was a stupid idea.

CHRIS

What? Hey! Where are you going?

ANTHEA

I'm done. It's over.

CHRIS

Over? I just got here. This wasn't even my idea. You're the one who wanted to go to couples therapy.

ANTHEA

Because I care! That's why I suggested couples therapy, and that's why I went along with this dumb idea to recreate our first date.

CHRIS

I care! I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

ANTHEA

Ha! The only thing you care about is the score of the Yankees game.

CHRIS

The Yanks are an institution!
Besides, all you care about is that
stupid dog filter on Snapchat.

ANTHEA

At least it's not the flower crown.

CHRIS

I LOVE THE FLOWER CROWN!

ANTHEA

YOU TOLD ME YOU HATED THE FLOWER
CROWN!

CHRIS

WELL I LIED, OK! I LOVE IT! IT
MAKES MY SKIN LOOK FLAWLESS!

They don't even know each other anymore.

ANTHEA

That's it. I'm moving out.

CHRIS

Because of the flower crown?

ANTHEA

Because of everything, Chris. You
knew this was our last resort, and
you still showed up late. You stare
at your phone. You don't listen.
What happened? We used to have so
much fun. So much passion! But now,
we don't talk. We don't go out. We
just share space. We're not a
couple. We're roommates.

CHRIS

That's not true. If we were
roommates, I'd eat all your pizza
and never clean the bathroom.

ANTHEA

Chris, that's exactly what you do.

CHRIS

Oh. Yeah. Well, this isn't all my
fault you know.

ANTHEA

Well, I'm sorry I haven't been the
perfect girlfriend for you.

Both realize this is the end. Finally...

CHRIS
Hmph. Perfect. That's funny.

ANTHEA
What?

CHRIS
Can I tell you something? About our actual first date?

Anthea shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
When I saw you, I thought, "Wow." You were -are- beautiful. And we had this great conversation, and you laughed at my bad jokes, and we had fun. And I thought, "This is a girl I could see myself with for - forever. This girl is perfect."

ANTHEA
Well, we both know that isn't true.

CHRIS
You're right. You're not perfect. You're terrible with directions. You'd forget your head if it wasn't attached. Your farts smell awful.

ANTHEA
They don't smell that bad.

CHRIS
They make small children cry.

ANTHEA
Ok, they're pretty bad.

CHRIS
And I'm not perfect either. I suck at telling you how I feel. I drool in my sleep. And, worst of all, I've taken you for granted. And for that, I'm sorry.

He reaches across, takes her hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Neither of us is perfect, and we never will be, but maybe that's not the point.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Those imperfections, those are the things that make us, us. Maybe, instead of being perfect, we can be perfect for each other.

ANTHEA

You think so?

CHRIS

Who knows? It's only our first date.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But maybe, if we treat each other the way we did at the beginning of our relationship, there won't be an end to our relationship.

ANTHEA

I like that. Just remembering why we got together in the first place.

CHRIS

Yeah. That... and maybe getting drunk and making out on the stoop of your apartment. That was how our real first date ended.

She slaps him, playfully.

ANTHEA

Don't press your luck, mister.

Anthea smiles, sticks her hand out across the table.

ANTHEA (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Anthea. Nice to meet you.

CHRIS

Anthea, I'm Chris. So nice to finally meet you in person.

Chris reaches back, shakes her hand, and holds it. No phones. No menus. Just connection.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So, I heard you're a singer?

FADE OUT.